

NEW KENNEDY PLAY ON HATE

HENRY MILLER PLAYERS IN A TRAGEDY OF THE VIKINGS.

"The Winterfeast" depicts a Night of Lies and Slaughter in Iceland Nearly 900 Years Ago—The Acting of a High Order, but the Action Drags.

What had been announced as the second in a "cycle" of plays by Charles Ranney Kennedy, "The Servant in the House," being the first, had its first presentation yesterday afternoon. The new play is "The Winterfeast," and a large audience assembled in the Savoy Theatre to see it enacted by the Henry Miller Associate Players.

The feelings of the members of the audience who sat in the theatre from half past 2 until 7 o'clock were decidedly mixed at the latter hour and a pardonable weariness was among the constituent parts of that mixture. Indeed, if Mr. Kennedy cannot find it in his heart to compress his drama into more modest temporal limits he may well take a leaf out of the "Winterfeast" book and have an intermission for dinner, as has been done in "Parafal."

"The Winterfeast" has only this apparent relation to "The Servant in the House"—that its theme is hate, while the theme of the earlier play was love in the broadest sense of the word. It will surprise nobody then to learn that "The Winterfeast" is a tragedy. It is a good deal of a tragedy, too, for out of seven characters involved in its representation three meet violent ends, while we hear of much more slaughter of persons whom we never see. "The Servant in the House" exhibited allegorically the sweetening, transforming power of love. "The Winterfeast" sets forth the devastation, moral and physical, that follows in the train of hate.

There is nothing allegorical about "The Winterfeast." Its characters represent only themselves. They are a matter of fact. All of them lived a matter of nearly nine hundred years ago in the none too attractive country of Iceland. The action, the programme informs us, takes place between the hours of 7 and 10 on the evening of the winter night's feast, October 14, 1020. We have become fairly well accustomed to the theatrical convention by which we assume that a considerable period of time elapses under our very eyes. Mr. Kennedy requires the opposite assumption, for the action of the play required considerably more than the three hours it was supposed to consume.

It is a story of Vikings and their heroic hate. From hatred sprung a lie. From this lie sprung more hatred and more lies, and they in their turn bred murder and ruined lives.

Thorvald, an old Viking, hated Bjorn, his foster son, because Bjorn was the warrior that Valbrand, his real son, should have been, while Valbrand cared for nothing so much as the making and the singing of songs. He was, in fact, the poet of his time. But they loved in Iceland even then, though apparently they hated even more, and Valbrand loved Herdis, who very perversely loved the warrior Bjorn. The Viking and Bjorn departed on a voyage of exploration, and the Viking alone returned bringing a lying message of scorn from Bjorn to Herdis, who then married the poet apparently out of a pique quite modern in its content.

The marriage was what the Viking desired to accomplish, and for years he lived contentedly enough, despite that he upon his conscience. Then came his ancient enemy, a priest, who learned the secret of the lie and saw in it his revenge for suffering sustained at the Viking's hand, for he shrewdly suspected that Herdis never knew the truth.

Upon all this came the return of Bjorn, the warrior, a heroic figure. Herdis hated him whom once she loved, thinking that he had scorned her, and sent her poet husband to kill him. But word came that her husband was killed instead. So she swore a young stranger who loved her daughter to avenge her upon Bjorn, and when the stranger learned that Bjorn was his father he killed him instead rather than violate his pledge. The poet husband, returning unscathed after all, having killed Bjorn, learned of the tangle that lies and hatred had created and rushed off to suicide.

All this is sufficiently gloomy. So is "Hamlet." But there are points of divergence. For example, Mr. Kennedy is considerably more generous with slaughter than Shakespeare, and he takes longer time about it, or at least he seems to. Yet there are commanding figures in Mr. Kennedy's play and many fine touches of subtlety and imagination, qualities none too common in our modern writers for the stage. There is, too, one informing idea which, it is said, ran from end to end of the play, would make it a work of much power. But unfortunately it does not always run. Sometimes it creeps and occasionally it lies down and goes to sleep.

The first two acts were with relentless and logical development. The story of hatred and mendacity unfolds itself with vivid menace. One by one the principal personages take their allotted stations. We see them for what they are, the stern old Viking, the weak but appealing poet, the sinister priest, the memory haunted woman.

But then the playwright harks back to methods now outworn. The first thing we know we are confronted with a soliloquy. After that come other ingenious devices for clogging action. The servant who saved the life of the poet husband and the warrior lover appears. We are on pins and needles to find out which one was killed, but he takes so long to tell that the poet husband, who really don't care much about knowing and ultimately we discover that he doesn't know himself.

The poet husband returns victorious. Enter the wife, who tells her daughter that he is dead. The daughter knows better and we know better. There he sits in the chimney corner, as right as a fiddler, whatever that is, but it takes that daughter five minutes to tell her mother that father is alive and well. And pretty soon we are convinced that enough is as good as a winterfeast.

The players concerned in the representation include a number who appeared in "The Servant in the House." Walter Hampden, who used to wear those incredible pants in "The Merchant of Venice," appeared in the double rôle of Bjorn and his son, and was both heroic as the one and ingenuous and touching as the other. Miss Edith Barry, with her beautiful voice and tragic eyes, filled both the eye and the imagination as the memory haunted, vengeful wife. Really seems a pity that a woman with such a voice and such intelligence should ever be called upon to speak anything but the blank verse of some master, but it would be difficult to find an actress who could make more of the opportunities afforded her in this play.

Arthur Lewis contributed a sinister portrait of real vitality as the vindictive priest, while Frank Mills was admirable as the poet husband, especially in the earlier scenes.

The mounting and in fact all the details of stage management were informed with fine authentic taste and the play moved as smoothly as if it had been running a hundred nights. There is no denying, even were there the disposition, that "The Winterfeast" contains fine moments as well as some "fine writing." Nor can it be denied with any more success that in its present shape it produces the whole or a certain impression of

SICILIANS IN "CAVALLERIA"

Signora Aguglia Gives a Realistic Picture of Santuzza.

The manner in which Signora Mimì Aguglia acted the part of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" last night at the Broadway Theatre gave the critics who do not understand Italian and who have chosen wholly to misunderstand "Malia," an opportunity to form some opinion of her talent. The play is thoroughly familiar by this time, and it is possible to compare Signora Aguglia's performance not only with that of countless operatic prima donnas but with that of Eleonora Duse, whose merits are not to be disputed.

Whatever may be thought of Signora Aguglia's conception of the part the way in which she carried it out was admirable and faultless. There was not the quiet, reserved tragedy of Duse's Santuzza, to be sure, the artistic refinement that would appeal especially to a cultured audience, but her woman crazed by jealousy was absolutely human, truly Italian and as near to the creature Verga describes in his story as stage acting could make her.

For a good part of the play Signora Aguglia acted with great restraint; her outbursts of passionate fury with Turiddu and with his mother, however, were absolutely true to nature to all who have the slightest knowledge of Italy or of any sort of life where women let out what they feel.

The betrayal of Turiddu to Compare Alfio was beyond cavil; in that scene she was well seconded by Signor Majorana. This performance of Santuzza demonstrates that Signora Aguglia is an excellent and powerful actress and not merely a clever impersonator of a peasant realism. She may have drawn from Duse and others, but her Santuzza is thoroughly living, natural and Italian.

The performance as a whole was excellent. The subordinate actors played with spirit and kept in their proper places. Signora Catalisano as the Mother, Signora Balistreri as Loto and Signor Anselmi as the comical Zio Abramo were very good. Signor Majorana's Alfio was as good a piece of character acting as can be imagined; he seemed the real man and not an actor.

The Turiddu was Signor Lo Turco, whose acting was excellent; he seemed inclined to excess at times and showed some inclination to hold the stage unduly. One act of his, however, was unimpeachable and wrecked the whole performance. At the end Turiddu takes leave of his mother and goes out to be killed. Signor Lo Turco engaged his farewell to the point that some audience might be awakened of Turiddu's courage. This pleased his friends in the gallery, however, and in answer to their applause he came out and bowed. The ridiculous performance may be the fashion in Palermo or Messina; here it disconcerted an audience that had been worked up by the superb acting of Signora Aguglia.

Another sketch of wild jealousy, a two act comedy called "The Charcoal Makers," by Alfredo Oriani followed "Cavalleria." In this Signora Aguglia is the wife of a charcoal maker, Matteo, having been obliged to give up the rule of the house to her husband, who is in the army. The lover returns and calls on her to explain how badly he feels; they are caught in what is regarded in Sicily as a compromising position by a rascally brother of the husband, who has been forcing his attentions on the wife. The brother denounces them to Matteo, who seizes woodman's axes as weapons in the duel which kills the lover. The play is of much inferior quality to "Cavalleria." It contains sentimentalities that American audiences will hardly appreciate. The second act, however, Signora Aguglia has the opportunity to display her talents in a very dramatic scene. Signor Lo Turco is graceful as the lover, Signor Majorana is excellent as the husband and Signor Anselmi's characterization of the brother is remarkable and effective.

The pieces produced so far are remarkably alike in their plots; they all turn on jealousy of much the same quality and with the same outcome. Three times already has Signor Lo Turco been killed by Signor Majorana on and off the scene. It might be well to produce other emotions that Sicilians are subject to and the lighter and pleasanter side of their life.

The audience last night was very large, though not so numerous as at the first performance of "Malia." There was a much larger proportion of Americans in it, probably because they were sure of understanding at least the first plot. But knowledge of the language is not necessary; even the Italians cannot make out much that the players say. Their acting is as expressive a pantomime and the words are superfluous.

CHINESE ENVOY ARRIVES
In Washington to Thank the Government for the Return of Boxer Indemnity.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Tang Shao Yi, the imperial Chinese envoy sent to this country by his Government on a mission of good will, arrived in Washington to-day. With him came Tsai Fu, a cousin of the late Emperor and Prince of the royal blood, besides an entourage of more than fifty secretaries, students and servants.

Mr. Tang comes to the United States to thank this Government for returning to China the amount of the Boxer troubles in 1900. His arrival was not expected until 3 o'clock this afternoon, but the special train bearing the party rolled into the Union Station four hours earlier. The Ambassador, who is called by the name of his suite, was educated in Massachusetts and Connecticut and is thoroughly conversant with American manners and customs. He speaks English with fluency, as do several members of his party, some of whom were educated either in England or the United States. There are in the party three graduates of Yale.

The party were met at the railroad station by Assistant Secretary of State Huntington Wilson, by Gen. Brownell and other members of President Roosevelt's military and naval staff and by Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister, and the wife and daughter of the Emperor of the legation. The visitors were immediately conducted to carriages and were driven to Scott Circle, where two large houses have been leased for the use of the party.

Mr. Tang immediately retired to his private apartments, saying that he should have nothing to say for publication until the next morning. He will spend the entire winter in Washington.

The only diplomatic object of the visit, said one of the members of the party this afternoon, is to extend the good wishes of China for the return of the Boxer indemnity. The Ambassador is paying a visit of good will. The students who accompany him will gather as much knowledge of the United States as possible. The visit will unquestionably be a profitable one.

The official mourning on account of the death of the Emperor and the Emperor's widow has been changed many plans. All social entertainment will be eschewed. The envoy will probably be received by the President within a few days. He or one of his suite will be invited to call at the State Department to-morrow.

FRITZI SCHEFF'S OPERETTA

"THE PRIMA DONNA" MAKES A BIG SUCCESS.

A Most Amusing Comic Opera With Book by Henry Blossom and Music by Victor Herbert—An Original First Act—Miss Scheff's Part an Excellent Fit.

Fritzi Scheff has returned to town and appeared last night at the Knickerbocker Theatre in a new comic opera, of which the book is by Henry Blossom and the music by Victor Herbert. The entertainment made what the classic language of the Broadway playhouse calls a corking hit. There was a big audience and it applauded every song with enthusiasm that promised to run the encore record out of breath and laughed at all the jokes, old or new, with a heartiness that betokened a lovable disposition.

Henry Blossom has written a good book, especially in the first act, which is far and away better than operetta first acts usually are in these degenerate days. To be sure things become pretty serious in this act when the polished villain undertakes to make the prima donna his by force of arms and comes near to involving the hero, his subordinate, in a duel. But it is a way comic operas have in these times, and it is well that the seriousness is palpably intended and does not happen along when every one is trying his best to be funny.

This first act takes place in a little café chanted in a suburb of Paris. This café is frequented by the young officers from a neighboring barracks. The proprietor, a comic opera German with a genuine love for music, has engaged some "talent" from Paris and the soprano of the company has such a cold that she cannot sing. Of course Mlle. Athénée, the famous singer of the opera, is touring in her automobile and has to stop at this café while the chauffeur shifts tires, and she promptly takes pity on the broken down soprano and volunteers to take her place.

An equally of course the young officer who is told off by the author to do the principal singing has composed the song, and he gets the famous soprano to sing it in the café. He then falls head over neck in love with her and she with him. She agrees to meet him in the café after the show, but it is the captain, his superior, who keeps the appointment and does the polished villain ("Unhand me, sir!") act.

The scene showing the entertainment in the café is capital. The performers are roundly hooted by the audience, which is in itself a much better show. But the little prima donna makes a tremendous hit. It is a clever act, well constructed and filled with life color and action. Its principal music is a rattling military march and a charming song (the one composed by the young officer) for Miss Scheff.

The second act takes place at a country club and affords opportunity for a complete change of costumes, except in the case of the soldiers. The scene is charming, but the act in itself slips gently down to the general level of operetta. It is saved by the good songs in it. There is a catching number called "Everybody Else's Girl Looks Better to Me Than Mine," another snappy march and a second good song for Mlle. Scheff.

On the whole Fritzi Scheff has never had a better operetta, for this one keeps the eye filled with agreeable pictures and holds the interest of the audience in the rather serious incidents of the first act. In the second act the musical numbers are all pleasing and well presented.

Fritzi Scheff herself was delightful in her part, which is skillfully devised to bring out her capabilities without overtaxing them. She acted with plenty of spirit and sang her songs to the undeniable satisfaction of her hearers. Her costumes were designed to show the exquisite contours of her figure, which remains as piquant as ever, while her English is better.

A very good company appears in the operetta. James E. Sullivan makes a most amusing and clever character of Gundelinger, the German proprietor of the café. W. J. Ferguson lent his fine theatrical craft to the rôle of Beargiver, the prima donna's lover, and Edward K. Harcourt acted the polished villain, Guy Bordenave, excellently. There were several others who contributed excellent "bits" and the chorus looked well and sang with sweet voices. The work was commendably and John Lund conducted well. "The Prima Donna" ought to have a long run.

NEW HIPPODROME CIRCUS.

Nellie, the Cutup Elephant, Not Quite Over Her Nerves.

Nellie, the East Indian elephant, who made somewhat of a stir in this town last Saturday when she deserted the Hippodrome for quieter quarters in the backyard of a tenement in East Thirty-fourth street, hadn't got her nerves under full control yesterday when she made her first public appearance on the Hippodrome stage.

She is one of the four billed as Schmeiser's musical elephants, the closing act of a new circus programme. No sooner had she got into view of the audience than she decided it was time to go away. She would have done so, but the roll of Signor Rossi, the trainer, was so persistent that she changed her mind again. The other three elephants got nervous too, and for a time the show was a sorry sight for the audience of Hippodrome girls who ranged around the rear of the tent. This auxiliary audience seemed to interest Nellie more than the one across the footlights. Maybe it was more worth looking at. The act was carried out to the finish in fair order, the girl Mahouts, especially Nellie, did some very clever work, displaying commendable pluck. Marceline didn't drive his pig in the circus parade yesterday. It was the squeal of a pig that gave Nellie her scare at rehearsal on Saturday. He drove a diminutive pony instead.

The musical elephants will be an interesting feature of the big show which Nellie gets her nerves under control. An extra large matinee audience applauded the new circus acts liberally. There was a fine show, which got a fine reception. He seemed at home on top of a moving horse and caught dexterously all sorts of objects with his teeth and head and nose when he did a clever acrobatic stunt, running down an incline and turning back somersaults over groups of men and through a paper hoop.

The Piasutti, a man and a woman, performed feats of agility and strength on horseback. In the triple part of the programme the Fazio Trio, the three Athletes and the Sisters Dieke had one trying to take it in a show which is a new thing in the circus. The three Athletes are three good looking young women who are mighty husky. One of them carried four stage hands about, and Hippodrome stage hands are not lightweights. The Dieke Sisters were costumed artistically, which is unusual in circus performers.

The nine Kudaras, Japanese acrobats, did nothing out of the ordinary. Hippodrome does have better acrobats, but what they did was done gracefully and without show of effort.

Marceline and George Holland had a new clowning act, which was amusing, but there was a bit too much of it.

TIFFANY & CO.

Holiday Announcement

Messrs. Tiffany & Co.'s holiday preparations have been completed

Selections may now be made under the most favorable conditions, free from the confusion of the later days of the holiday season

An examination of their stock and a comparison of prices are always welcome

Fifth Avenue & 37th Street

LAUGHS IN A FITCH FARCE.

Borrowed From the German. It Is Tangled, but Amusing.

The first act of "The Blue Mouse," presented last night at the Lyric Theatre, was little more than under way before the audience gave up utterly trying to follow the situations or to recognize in them any degree of probability and surrendered itself to the enjoyment of the players themselves.

It is quite impossible to take this farce, adapted from the German by Clyde Fitch, with any degree of seriousness. If you happened to feel funny yourself you screamed and laughed and thought it quite the most amusing thing seen in town this winter. If you were a little glum you got very tired of the hurly burly and the noise and the general rough house and found your enjoyment in a cast of unusually competent players, at least one of whom brought to mind very vividly the old days of Hoyt farces.

The play is from the German of Alexander Engel and Julius Horst, but the adaptation that has been made by Mr. Fitch has eliminated the German scenes and has put the action in New York city, with an atmosphere that was never seen on sea or land. The adaptation of the piece for the American palate has required a considerable degree of skill in saving the laugh bringing situations, and at the same time preserving their flavor. But with this skill Mr. Fitch has not hesitated to use the time honored tricks of the farce comedy writer's trade. He even brings in poor old Cohoes, and its mention never fails to get a laugh, just as it has done for two generations.

The comedy lacks much of the finish that is usually looked for in Mr. Fitch's work. The three or four leading characters were sharply drawn, but the piece was lacking in the types with which Mr. Fitch used to be so fond of filling his backgrounds. The auction scene of the second act, which might have given him the opportunity, was little more than sketched in, and was such a rough house that one lost the sense of everything but confusion.

The story is the old but perfectly good one of people with good intentions being thrown into compromising situations. The men were all properly and voted to their wives, but were none the less frequently seen in circumstances that denied it.

Young Augustus Rollett, recently married, wished to secure a promotion in the railroad offices in which he was employed in order to secure his wife's dowry from his unwilling father-in-law. Knowing the chief's taste for pretty women, but unwilling that his own bride should figure in a flirtation with him, Rollett employs Paullette Divine, the Blue Mouse, and the original human Salome, to impersonate the chief's mistress, the president and carry the flirtation to the point where to placate the indignant husband the desired promotion should be forthcoming.

Before he was through with this seemingly simple little scheme of his he had involved every one else in such a tangle that his own wife was being taken for the Blue Mouse, and the very charming person of that name was being introduced as his wife entirely more than the terms of his bargain with her called for.

Harry Connor, whose mere appearance on the stage brought a flood of memories of "The Trip to Chinatown" and other Hoyt pieces, has the part of the railroad president. He certainly has the gift of farce. He didn't need to speak or even to look. Just for him to show himself was the signal for a roar from the audience. He didn't work for his laughs, but they came to him in full measure.

Along with Paullette Divine, the Blue Mouse, and an exceedingly pretty and winning one too. There are a lot of actresses who would like to have had this part, but none of them who could have fitted it better than the girl with the "carrying voice," who came in from a vaudeville road show to take it. She was the Mouse, who just had to have money but was all right at bottom, to perfection, and she had the time of her life playing it.

If proper credit were given for hard work the credit of the whole performance would go to Miss Zaida Serra, for she had the part of the sorrowful Mrs. Leveley for something less than ten hours and in that length of time had gotten up her lines and rehearsed almost steadily. She gave a splendid performance, which will improve steadily.

James Lee Finney as Rollett, Alfred Hickman as the Mouse's sweetheart and Charles Dickson as the father-in-law from Cohoes were all strenuous and satisfactory in the parts given them.

The piece seemed to go well with the audience, which was inclined to be cold at first, but which was soon won to such an extent that it was still laughing as it came out of the theatre.

GOLD OUTPUT \$7,400,000.
SOUTH DAKOTA REPORTS THAT HER YIELD HAS GROWN.

PIERRE, S. D., Nov. 30.—The report of the State Mine Inspector, filed with the Governor, shows South Dakota's gold production for the last year to have been \$7,400,000, the highest in the history of the State. The mica output for the year is valued at \$85,000.

The Seagoers.
Sailing to-day by the Holland-America steamship Nieuw Amsterdam, for Boulogne and Rotterdam:

Mrs. W. B. Comstock, Prof. and Mrs. H. Bavinck, H. J. Meerkamp van Embden, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Smith, Mrs. John K. Tifany, Miss Edythe T. Tifany, Mrs. A. C. Wheelwright and Mrs. A. C. de Veer, Miss Ruth Richardson, Mrs. Henry Comenston and Mr. and Mrs. Henri P. Wertheim.

Dr. Robert-Simon to Lecture at Columbia.
The department of romance languages and literature of Columbia University announces that Dr. Robert-Simon, member of the Société de Thérapéutique de Paris, will lecture in room 808, Schermerhorn Hall, on Thursday evening of this week. His lecture will be "Les Maladies de la Vie." No tickets are required.

TIFFANY & CO.

Holiday Announcement

Messrs. Tiffany & Co.'s holiday preparations have been completed

Selections may now be made under the most favorable conditions, free from the confusion of the later days of the holiday season

An examination of their stock and a comparison of prices are always welcome

Fifth Avenue & 37th Street

LAUGHS IN A FITCH FARCE.

Borrowed From the German. It Is Tangled, but Amusing.

The first act of "The Blue Mouse," presented last night at the Lyric Theatre, was little more than under way before the audience gave up utterly trying to follow the situations or to recognize in them any degree of probability and surrendered itself to the enjoyment of the players themselves.

It is quite impossible to take this farce, adapted from the German by Clyde Fitch, with any degree of seriousness. If you happened to feel funny yourself you screamed and laughed and thought it quite the most amusing thing seen in town this winter. If you were a little glum you got very tired of the hurly burly and the noise and the general rough house and found your enjoyment in a cast of unusually competent players, at least one of whom brought to mind very vividly the old days of Hoyt farces.

The play is from the German of Alexander Engel and Julius Horst, but the adaptation that has been made by Mr. Fitch has eliminated the German scenes and has put the action in New York city, with an atmosphere that was never seen on sea or land. The adaptation of the piece for the American palate has required a considerable degree of skill in saving the laugh bringing situations, and at the same time preserving their flavor. But with this skill Mr. Fitch has not hesitated to use the time honored tricks of the farce comedy writer's trade. He even brings in poor old Cohoes, and its mention never fails to get a laugh, just as it has done for two generations.

The comedy lacks much of the finish that is usually looked for in Mr. Fitch's work. The three or four leading characters were sharply drawn, but the piece was lacking in the types with which Mr. Fitch used to be so fond of filling his backgrounds. The auction scene of the second act, which might have given him the opportunity, was little more than sketched in, and was such a rough house that one lost the sense of everything but confusion.

The story is the old but perfectly good one of people with good intentions being thrown into compromising situations. The men were all properly and voted to their wives, but were none the less frequently seen in circumstances that denied it.

Young Augustus Rollett, recently married, wished to secure a promotion in the railroad offices in which he was employed in order to secure his wife's dowry from his unwilling father-in-law. Knowing the chief's taste for pretty women, but unwilling that his own bride should figure in a flirtation with him, Rollett employs Paullette Divine, the Blue Mouse, and the original human Salome, to impersonate the chief's mistress, the president and carry the flirtation to the point where to placate the indignant husband the desired promotion should be forthcoming.

Before he was through with this seemingly simple little scheme of his he had involved every one else in such a tangle that his own wife was being taken for the Blue Mouse, and the very charming person of that name was being introduced as his wife entirely more than the terms of his bargain with her called for.

Harry Connor, whose mere appearance on the stage brought a flood of memories of "The Trip to Chinatown" and other Hoyt pieces, has the part of the railroad president. He certainly has the gift of farce. He didn't need to speak or even to look. Just for him to show himself was the signal for a roar from the audience. He didn't work for his laughs, but they came to him in full measure.

Along with Paullette Divine, the Blue Mouse, and an exceedingly pretty and winning one too. There are a lot of actresses who would like to have had this part, but none of them who could have fitted it better than the girl with the "carrying voice," who came in from a vaudeville road show to take it. She was the Mouse, who just had to have money but was all right at bottom, to perfection, and she had the time of her life playing it.

If proper credit were given for hard work the credit of the whole performance would go to Miss Zaida Serra, for she had the part of the sorrowful Mrs. Leveley for something less than ten hours and in that length of time had gotten up her lines and rehearsed almost steadily. She gave a splendid performance, which will improve steadily.

James Lee Finney as Rollett, Alfred Hickman as the Mouse's sweetheart and Charles Dickson as the father-in-law from Cohoes were all strenuous and satisfactory in the parts given them.

The piece seemed to go well with the audience, which was inclined to be cold at first, but which was soon won to such an extent that it was still laughing as it came out of the theatre.

GOLD OUTPUT \$7,400,000.
SOUTH DAKOTA REPORTS THAT HER YIELD HAS GROWN.

PIERRE, S. D., Nov. 30.—The report of the State Mine Inspector, filed with the Governor, shows South Dakota's gold production for the last year to have been \$7,400,000, the highest in the history of the State. The mica output for the year is valued at \$85,000.

The Seagoers.
Sailing to-day by the Holland-America steamship Nieuw Amsterdam, for Boulogne and Rotterdam:

Mrs. W. B. Comstock, Prof. and Mrs. H. Bavinck, H. J. Meerkamp van Embden, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Smith, Mrs. John K. Tifany, Miss Edythe T. Tifany, Mrs. A. C. Wheelwright and Mrs. A. C. de Veer, Miss Ruth Richardson, Mrs. Henry Comenston and Mr. and Mrs. Henri P. Wertheim.

Dr. Robert-Simon to Lecture at Columbia.
The department of romance languages and literature of Columbia University announces that Dr. Robert-Simon, member of the Société de Thérapéutique de Paris, will lecture in room 808, Schermerhorn Hall, on Thursday evening of this week. His lecture will be "Les Maladies de la Vie." No tickets are required.

HARPER'S NEW BOOKS

THE CHARIOT RACE

FROM BEN-HUR
Filled with the Christmas spirit and also with the everlasting romance of love and life, this book is the ideal Christmas gift. With the utmost care the scenes leading to the magnificent climax have been selected, and the story of rivalry and vengeance in the outcome of the race is presented complete. The great paintings by Ivanowski are reproduced in color. Octavo. Decorated cover. Gilt top.....\$1.25

THE RUBY
OF KISHMOOR
BY HOWARD PYLE
In this book, made beautiful by the best color printing, Howard Pyle sets forth a rich Christmas feast. The paintings are of the best—strong, quaint, colorful, and there are more pirates and buccaners, too. The adventures of a great jewel—the ruby of far Kishmoor. Royal octavo. Untrimmed edges. Gilt top.....\$1.00

THE TOY SHOP
A STORY OF LINCOLN
BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY
The kind of story that brings a lump to the throat and a glimpse of glory to the eyes. There is Lincoln visiting a toy shop in the gloom of a winter evening to buy tin soldiers for his little son, and talking with the old French toymaker, who unconsciously wrings the overburdened President's heart with stories of his emperor, who never faltered, never wavered. Pictorial covers in colors. 16mo, cloth, net 50 cents.

THE HOLE BOOK
BY PETER NEWELL
Here is a brand new idea in a picture-book in color—for grown-ups especially, and small people too. A mischievous boy is playing with a pistol when it suddenly goes off. The hole in the book marks its funstrewn path. It is a real hole, too—a sure enough hole cut through each page of the book. And the fun that follows! Pictorial cloth cover. Small quarto.....\$1.25

THE TOY SHOP
A STORY OF LINCOLN
BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY
The kind of story that brings a lump to the throat and a glimpse of glory to the eyes. There is Lincoln visiting a toy shop in the gloom of a winter evening to buy tin soldiers for his little son, and talking with the old French toymaker, who unconsciously wrings the overburdened President's heart with stories of his emperor, who never faltered, never wavered. Pictorial covers in colors. 16mo, cloth, net 50 cents.

THE HOLE BOOK
BY PETER NEWELL
Here is a brand new idea in a picture-book in color—for grown-ups especially, and small people too. A mischievous boy is playing with a pistol when it suddenly goes off. The hole in the book marks its funstrewn path. It is a real hole, too—a sure enough hole cut through each page of the book. And the fun that follows! Pictorial cloth cover. Small quarto.....\$1.25

THE RUBY
OF KISHMOOR
BY HOWARD PYLE
In this book, made beautiful by the best color printing, Howard Pyle sets forth a rich Christmas feast. The paintings are of the best—strong, quaint, colorful, and there are more pirates and buccaners, too. The adventures of a great jewel—the ruby of far Kishmoor. Royal octavo. Untrimmed edges. Gilt top.....\$1.00

THE CHARIOT RACE
FROM BEN-HUR
Filled with the Christmas spirit and also with the everlasting romance of love and life, this book is the ideal Christmas gift. With the utmost care the scenes leading to the magnificent climax have been selected, and the story of rivalry and vengeance in the outcome of the race is presented complete. The great paintings by Ivanowski are reproduced in color. Octavo. Decorated cover. Gilt top.....\$1.25

THE RUBY
OF KISHMOOR
BY HOWARD PYLE
In this book, made beautiful by the best color printing, Howard Pyle sets forth a rich Christmas feast. The paintings are of the best—strong, quaint, colorful, and there are more pirates and buccaners, too. The adventures of a great jewel—the ruby of far Kishmoor. Royal octavo. Untrimmed edges. Gilt top.....\$1.00